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THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

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THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

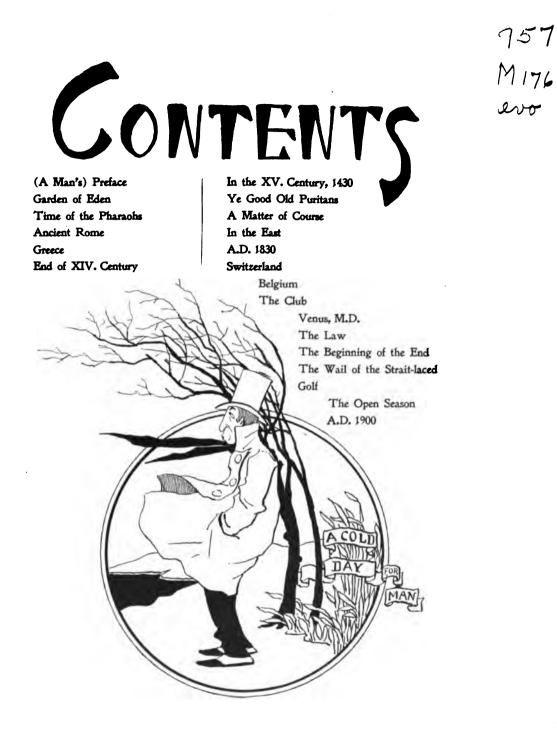


by Harry Whitney M. Vickar

NEW YORK HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS 1896

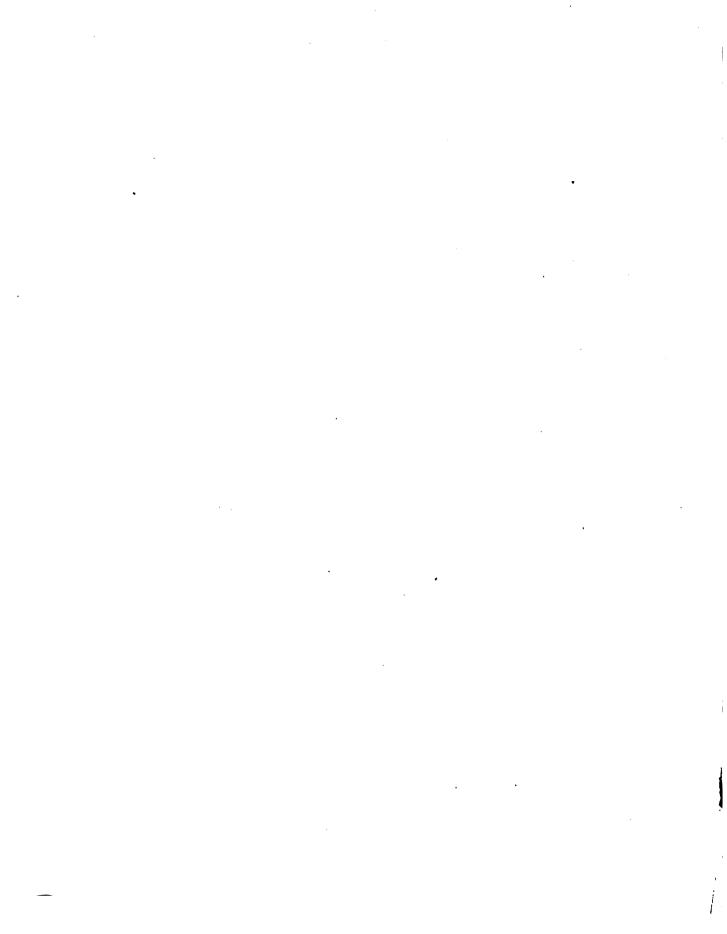
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(A MAN'S) PREFACE

"O woman! In our hours of ease [And other hours] so sure to please," —Who never was (as man was) brute! Why will you further evolute? And, fighting so against your star, Not be content with what you are?

'Tis true one cannot justly say Your progress always found fair play; Yet still, as we survey your mission, We think you've bettered your condition. In Eden—well, man did not make By your transaction with the Snake; And since that time it isn't fudge To say he's shown he felt his grudge. There was that pre-historic male Who threshed you with a flinty flail. In Egypt, after daily grubbing, Your evening brought you—formal drubbing! In Greece, at a most classic hour, They fed you—to the Minotaur!

(The reason why, a sage allows, To-day, you're so "afraid of cows.") In Rome, they burned you at the stake, And chuckled at the fuss you'd make. It was sheer mediaeval duty To raffle for you-with the booty. In several much later ages Your needle was your work-and wages, When, lonely, in your husband's den You worked his feats, in six-by-ten. In France, ic was a common use To wed you as the duke might choose. Few wrongs you've suffered much unkinder Than those from Salem's grim "witch-finder." (Who just as soon as he bad found you, Incarcerated, hanged, or drowned you!) -The Turk, to-day, has not forgiven Your sex-nor thinks you merit heaven! -Oh, yes! There's really no denying You've had experiences most trying! But—almost everywhere on earth To-day dull man admits your worth. You've all the Rights your sex affords: You've stolen lots that were your lord's! You shoot-you golf-you hunt 'cross ditches-You ride a wheel-you wear our breeches!

You vote—you preach—you will not rub Along in life without your club; In arguing, ever a top-sawyer, You argue, now, in court, a lawyer! In medicine a busy master, You dose and drug and stitch and plaster! —It's simple truth—we cannot shirk it— You've captured each "profesh"—and work it! In short, by ways most sly and neat, ^Y You've seated man in a back seat!

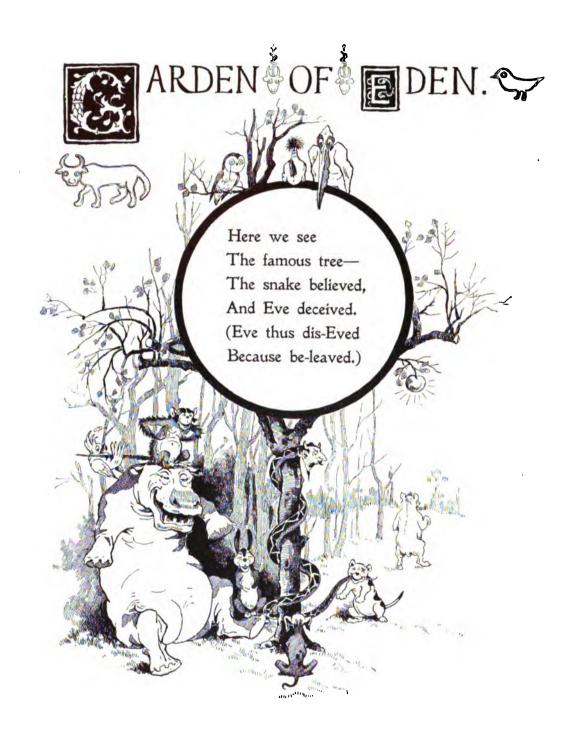
But why, why do it? Won't some elf Warn you that you forget—yourself? —Of course, you're charming—now and ever! In any whimsey whatsoever; But do just let this thought occur: MAN LIKES YOU BETTER AS YOU WERE! ALTHOUGH YOU BETTER AS YOU WERE! ALTHOUGH YOU MAKE OF HIM A MINION, YOU REALLY WANT HIS GOOD OPINION; AND, WHILE HE THINKS HIMSELF ABOVE YOU, HE'S MUCH MORE APT (LEAN LOW) TO LOVE YOU! —Why struggle so beyond your sphere, When in it—well—you're such a dear!

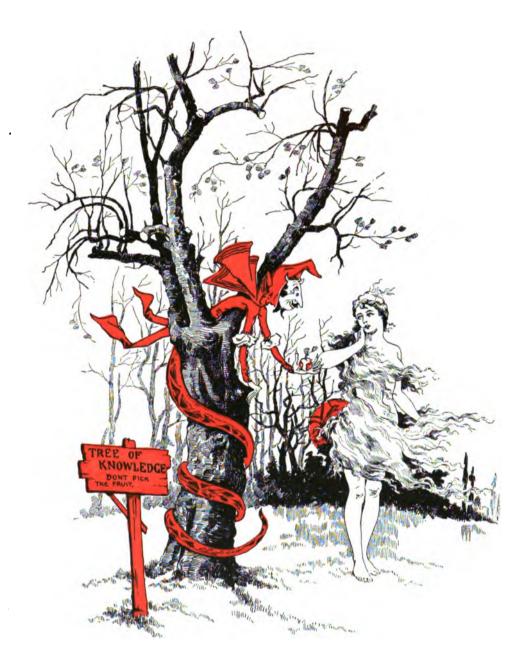
E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

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GARDEN OF EDEN





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TIME OF THE PHARAOHS

All womankind At work we find In Egypt's clime In Pharaoh's time; And Rameses His wives would seize And beat with ease.

OE OF THE PHARAOHS



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ANCIENT ROME

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ANCIENT ROME



In ancient Rome The joys of home Were like as peas To those one sees In scenes like these.



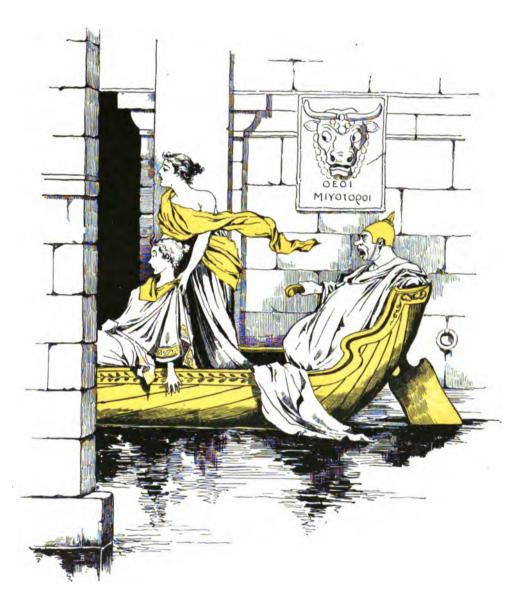
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GREECE





Was laid the score When maid in Greece Did not increase In time of peace.



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END OF XIV. CENTURY

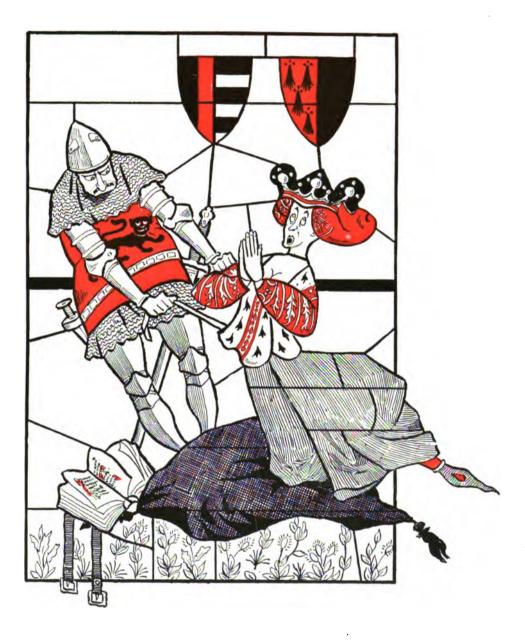
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where us? The maid bewails, ·And faints and quails; But the Captain rails,

For they who dare Deserve the fair And wed-their share!



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IN THE XV. CENTURY, 1430

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To women of all ages Embroidery—missal-pages— Throughout the Middle Ages Are the only relaxation To household occupation, Excepting man's vexation.

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YE GOOD OLD PURITANS

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YE GOOD OLD

Witnesseth, that re women accused of Witchcraft are to be ducked in re Pond, wherein if

they drown they are straightway proven Innocent & nothing hurtfull.

Contrarywife however if they DO NOT

they are let down^e as manythings harmfull & as Witches and forthwith are to be

Burned Re-

The poor little witch, For Heaven's sweet sake, Will be drowned in a ditch Or burned at the stake.



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A MATTER OF COURSE

A MATTER OF COURSE

In France of old, as I've been told, Whenever the Marquis needed gold, To marry some maid to a homely dependant Was a privilege daily in the ascendant.

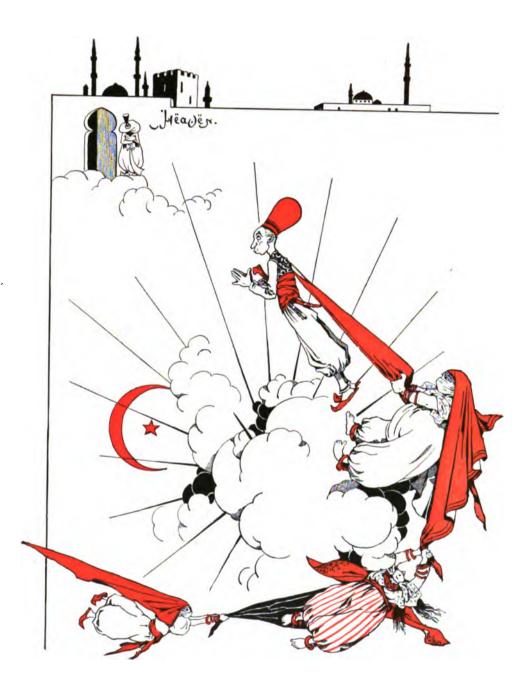
(Of course she was more or less dejected, But dissent—well, that was never expected.)



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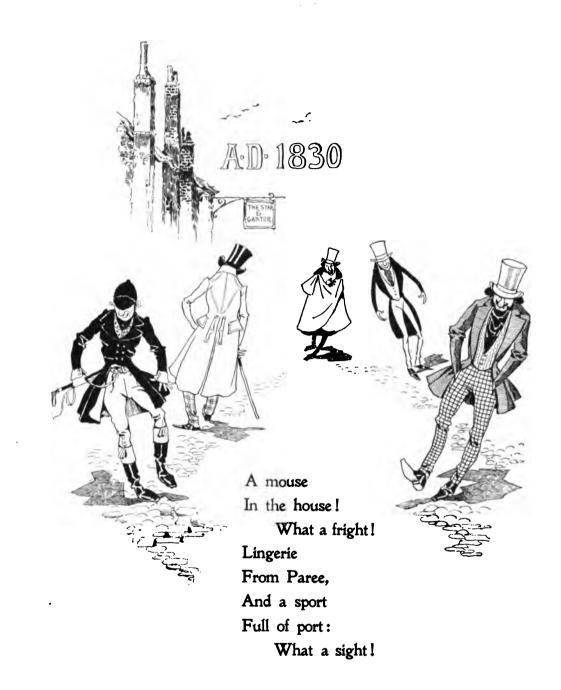
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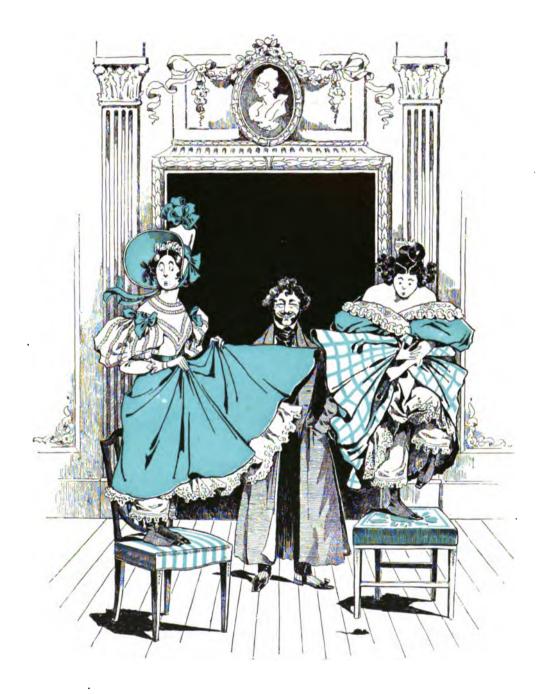




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A.D. 1830





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SWITZERLAND







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BELGIUM

Belgium



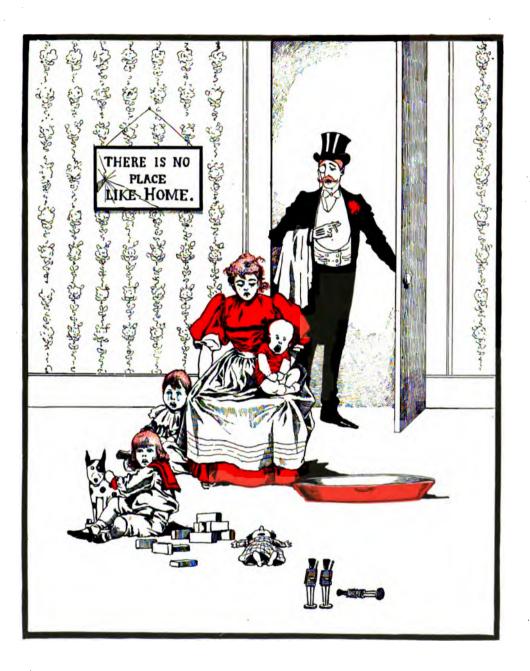


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THE CLUB

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VENUS, M.D.

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Oh, may not D.V., A skirted M.D. (*A fortiori* three), With clinical glee For lancet and fee, Ever stand over me!



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THE LAW

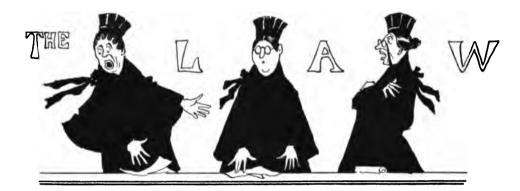
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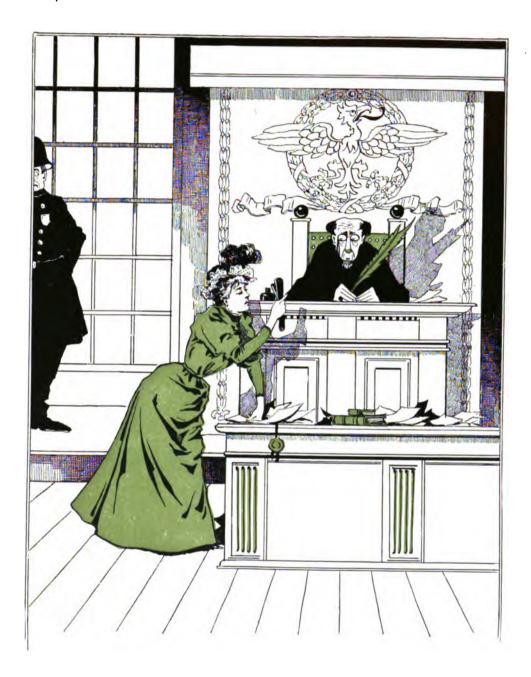
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In another way Phryne of old Was not more bold Than is to-day The maid that pleads, Draws bills and deeds, And other screeds.



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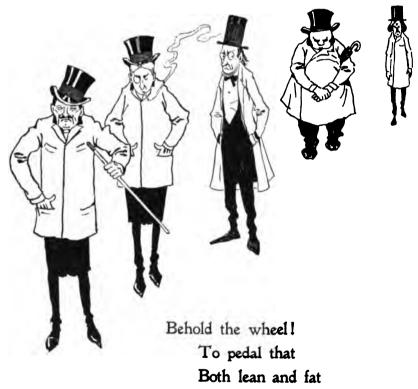
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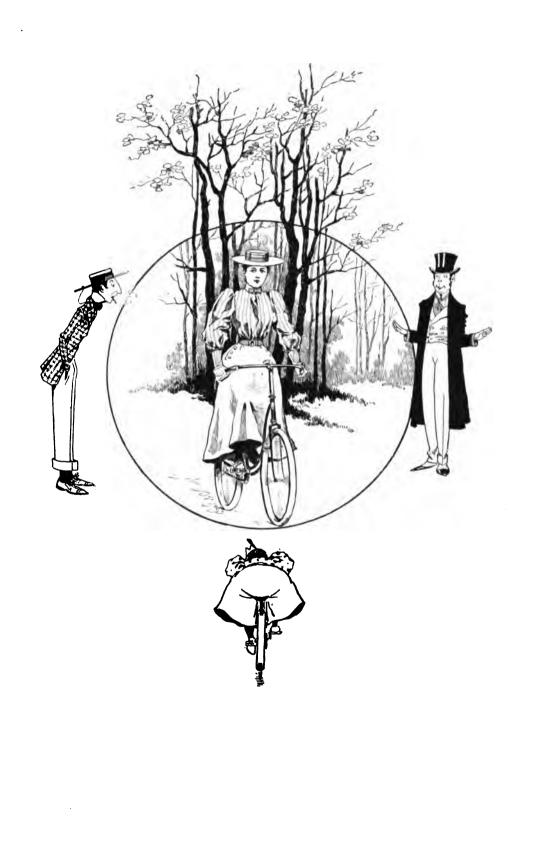
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THE BEGINNING OF THE END

THE BEGINNING OF THE END



Are full of zeal.



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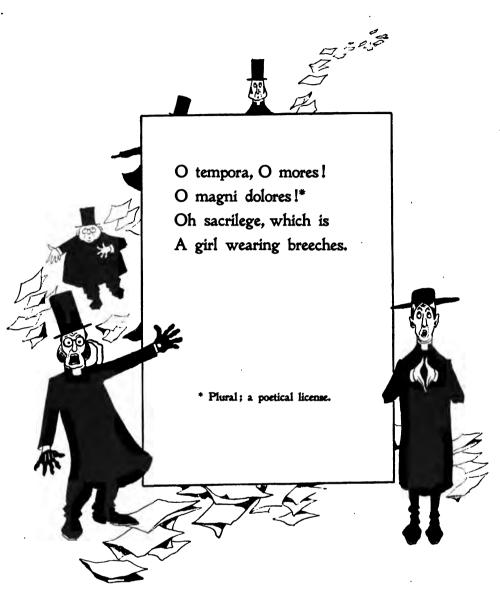
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THE WAIL OF THE STRAIT-LACED

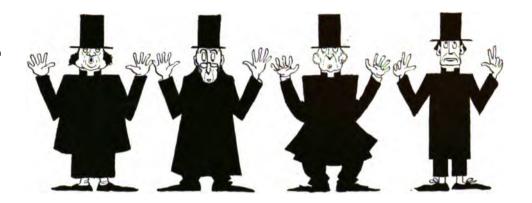
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THE WAIL OF THE STRAIT-LACED





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THE OPEN SEASON



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A.D. 1900



A.D. **1900**

Oh, heavens! in the coming years Shall we thus draw our children's tears? Shall we too late abase the knee Before the evoluted she, To blot out all the awful score Ere she with us wipes up the floor?

for the sea J

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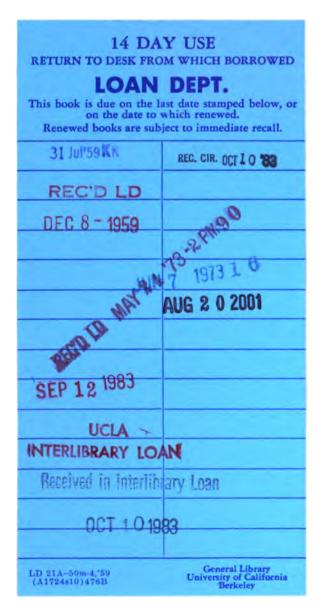
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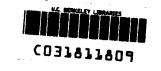
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